

STARTS THIS WEEK WITH FOUR PAGES OF THE ARTS

Philip Oakes meets a best-seller who is

IN
FOR
LIFE



Kelvin Brodie

THE detective story, my Watson, nothing is ordinary any more. Quirky sleuths who ponder their sins over the vintage port of style; but so is the shoot-out. Private eyes born of their wisecracking staries. Whodunit matters than why. "Crime" says Macdonald, who's been the subject for twenty-years or so, "is no longer a simple entertainment. Nor is it writing. It is a device for going through to life itself."

s twenty-second novel, The Argonaut Man (out November 1; Collins, £1.50) makes point plain. As always it traces Macdonald's detective Les Archer, a worldly shamus whose gun lies in his shoulder holster as a benign tumour. The novel includes abduction, and deception. But as a minimum of blood-letting. The mystery which Les Archer lies in the led past of the protagonist. It's painfully close to the things are. "Reality," Macdonald, "is my jurist's word."

's not damped down his clarity. Macdonald's world is well over five million. enjoys the income, and the fan-mail ("I get letters from professors, but I'm quickest to answer those from the under-"). But he derives his most pleasure from his own wing expertise, which has in him to the top of the tree, and beyond. "I am a reader of detective stories, of course. But now I am trying to make them serve more than purpose. The detective story is a truly democratic art. It can explain one part of society, or one generation mother. Also, I think, the detective is a good guide to complex and changing life."

e's fifty-five now; a rumpled ser, tall and tanned from days in the Californian sun. lives on a hilltop in Santa Barbara with his wife, the actress Margaret Millar, and a German sheepdog who comes from hip dysplasia, but proves himself fit by dunking himself daily, without nudants, in the Millar's swimming-pool.

be feelings of both people animals concern Macdonald. He had a bleak childhood. His parents split up when he was a boy, and with his mother he was gypsied over much Canada, living in borrowed ms. "I think writers are med early by alienation," he s. "They are all crippled children grown up. And, of course, I include myself."

Fifteen years ago and ought by family troubles be derwent psychotherapy. "I reached the point when I did not see anything clearly

ahead. I needed help, and I got it. What it did for me was take me deeper into life.

Almost certainly he's right. But Macdonald's basic equipment as a writer was already formidable. He was a student of W. H. Auden's at the University of Michigan, and still feels in debt to his tutor. "In one stroke he taught me to simplify my style. What's more, he gave me the feeling that European literature belonged to me just as much as it did to him."

He earned his doctorate with a thesis on Coleridge, taught at college, and subsequently served in the Navy. After his

discharge he settled in California—a lucky decision which gave him not only a home, but also a rich terrain to explore as a writer. Raymond Chandler was already at work there, but Macdonald (who acknowledges Chandler as his early master) brought a different approach. "Essentially, I think, Chandler was a romantic, and so's his private eye, Philip Marlowe. You remember his essay about the detective as hero? ... Down these mean streets a man must go ... and so on. Well, a lot of crime does go on in those mean streets, for sure. And California has plenty of them. But Chandler saw things in black and white. And I believe that the fabric of American society is much more intricate."

The novels are peopled with junkies, nymphomaniacs, cops—both honest and corrupt, common and fall-guys, predators and victims; a motley crew, but all of them vividly at home in Macdonald's sad moralities. Most of the books, he says, start with a single idea but months of work goes into their preparation. For background material he attends trials. "They form a matrix of knowledge. I'm interested in arson and robbery, but—above all—murder. It has the effect of illuminating in a lurid way the area of society in which the crime was committed. It's amazing to me how the truth of the lives of the people involved is revealed. What comes out is a terrible truth which is almost impossible to accept, but which is vital to our understanding."

It's significant, he thinks, that there are virtually no thrillers being written which applaud the establishment. "We've become too critical of government and its servants to make them heroes. No writer interested in society is interested in presenting the official point of view. I've nothing against the police. But they need savage criticism to keep them efficient."

Macdonald is himself a militant on the question of conservation. He has protested and written copiously against oil spillage on the Santa Barbara coast, and pleads passionately for the preservation of the wilderness near his home where the few remaining pairs of Californian condor breed.

He reckons to spend a year on a book. But there have been times when he has laboured for three months on an early chapter, and he recalls ploughing through twelve drafts of another section. There's no other way for him, and he's not even seeking one.

"Raymond Chandler once complained about the 'immense intellectual labour' that goes into a book. But I suppose I was trained for it. And I'm quite sure about this: if I wasn't allowed to work as I do, I would be utterly lost."

THE CRISIS at the Whitechapel art gallery, East End halfway house for generations of artists, comes under public scrutiny next Tuesday. Then the Institute of Contemporary Arts will stage an open debate on the future of a Victorian establishment run by a board of trustees whose constitution was fixed 70 years ago.

Two fundamental questions should be raised at that meeting, to be attended by the gallery's resigning director, Mark Glazebrook. Should a new director be appointed before the board and its constitution undergo radical alteration? And, what is more important, does the Whitechapel have any function to perform in the Seventies?



Francis Bacon, whose tense and powerful images have made him a universally acknowledged spokesman for our times, has been accorded the unique distinction, for a British artist, of a retrospective exhibition at the Grand Palais in Paris.

FIGHT FOR LIFE

Change is under way. "We are seriously looking at what should be done," says Lord Bearstead, chairman of the trustees. But how seriously? Of the fifteen organisations and individuals represented on the board, only three—the London Parochial Charities, the Drapers' Company and Hackney—contribute to the financial welfare of the gallery. And their massive grants add up to £1,600 a year, of which Hackney alone gives £1,000. (Tower Hamlets, the other borough involved, has just withdrawn from contributing at all.) In

1966, the trustees appealed for an annual £30,000. They could work on no less, they said. The appeal won them £800 a year.

The crisis then is largely one of money. It is why Mark Glazebrook left. He found for his 1971/2 season he could rely on only £17,000, mostly Arts Council and GLC money. He cancelled some exhibitions, postponed others. But still the budget balances were in the red. Not again, until Bryan Robertson took over, was the gallery to attract such attention. But this time its fame was wider spread throughout the world and the attendance

figures lower. It lived with that paradox.

But Robertson, prime radar screen for tracking talent, was doing a job for British and American art in the 1960s, now usurped by the Tate and the Hayward. The modest means of the Whitechapel can no longer compete. Should the gallery, then, face reality and close down? Or should it ape the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris and fill a gap in London not yet closed by the V and A? Radical changes are needed if part of the London scene is to survive. They can only be instigated by one responsible body—the Ministry of Education. Mrs Thatcher, the problems are all yours!

● Moscow note

MARK GOULDEN, chairman of W. H. Allen, has written to Yevtushenko in Moscow inviting the Russian poet to London for the launching of his next volume. The book, *Stolen Apples*, which comes out in New York in December and here in January, is a collection of Yevtushenko's poems translated by such writers as Ferlinghetti, John Updike and Allen Ginsberg.

● Palace deal

STEPHEN HOLLIS, one-time assistant at the Watford Palace, has returned there as full artistic director. When his new season opens in February it will switch from two-weekly to three-weekly rep and offer some meaty plays, with meaty parts for some famous meaty actors. Programme so far: *Molière's Don Juan*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Ladies in Retirement*, *The Bacchae*, and *Tennessee Williams' Orpheus Descending*. That may stop audiences bopping on the Tube for the West End.

● Charity show

THE LONDON Museum, always full of imaginative ideas for crowd-pulling exhibitions, is lining up its latest. Who Cared? is the title of a show culled from the museum's own cellars. Prints and drawings explore philanthropy in the 18th and 19th centuries. They are looking at hospitals, almshouses, asylums and Fancy Fairs—bazaars run by rich ladies for the underprivileged. Opens next Wednesday.

● Keaton capers

SEAN HIGNETT, whose novel, *A Cut Leaf*, Michael Joseph launched two weeks ago, has just completed a mixed-media play commissioned by the Prospect Theatre company. Basically, it's a life story of Buster Keaton with actors, songs and clips from old movies. Before that, this week in fact, Hignett's new play *And Did He Come?* opens at the Edinburgh Traverse. It concerns the sexual bang-ups of a couple called, strangely, Joseph and Mary.



Gerda Charles



Michael Meyer Geoffrey Hill

● Big Beer

THE FIRST Whitbread £1,000 Awards were made last week. We wondered what the winners were up to now.

Michael Meyer, winner for his *Ibsen study*: "I'm writing a play for Theatre 69 on John Milton. I'm intrigued how that champion of liberty found himself finally as the Goebbels of Cromwell's Commonwealth. I'm drawn to the lonely writer."

Gerda Charles, winner for her novel *The Destiny Waltz*: "I know I'm always thought of as an Anglo-Jewish writer, but this time I'm working on an Israeli theme. It's set at the time of the six-day war. You see, I went to Israel and fell in love with it."

Geoffrey Hill, winner for his poetry volume *Meridian Hymns*: "I'd rather be reticent."

● Ode to food

DINNER for forty, please James. Or is it Sancho? The Centre Poets (Eileen Warren and David Tribe—we ran a poem of his two months ago)—have a novel idea for spreading the word. On November 11 they've taken the Sancho Panza restaurant in London's Fulham Road. For £3.50 you'll get drinks, eats, poets and poetry. Don Luis Villaba, the cultural minister at the Spanish Embassy, and dancing till two. If it works there'll be more. Ring them at 352 7409.

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All the world's at home to TV says Alan Brien

TRUE TO LIFE

ALL THE WORLD'S now a television serial, and all the men and women merely hit players. Tonight, we improvise, as every night, making up our own dialogue as we go along, hoping that the red light will remain on, and the microphone stay alive, to the end of sentence. We know only the rough outline of the plot, so that each instalment in our psycho-drama ends as a cliff-hanger. We are all professional performers, and the difference between documentary and fiction is just an academic nicety. Fantasy is as revealing as fact. The best we can hope for is a half-truth. Better often an outright lie.

As the camera noses into more and more forbidden sanctums (only one vote keeps it out of the House of Commons) everyone will have his minute to strut and fret upon the box, if only waving to Auntie from the stadium barrier. God's eye may no longer stare through the great peep-hole in the sky. *Deus nbsconditus*—probably tuned to another channel on another planet. Instead, the electronic eye is everywhere, enabling us to peer at the fascinating, ordinary trivia of other people's daily existence: the slum dweller gawping at the Queen at home, and no doubt the Royals rubbernecking at the tramps.

Two programmes last week explored the parallel worlds which exist unseen around us, just a brick wall away. Jeremy Sandford's *Edna*, the Inebriate Woman (BBC1) was slotted under "Play for Today," yet it was embossed with the hall-mark of actuality as indelible as any live outside broadcast under the heading of "News." The title was perhaps misleading—the surprising thing about *Edna* was not that she drank, but that she was not perpetually drunk. In a society where alcohol is still the opiate of the successful why should

not those society brands as failures, as the drags, drain the dregs of its bottles?

Sandford was wise to make his central character a woman, even though women are a minority down there in the bilges and sewers of the lower depths. The tramp is a cliché, summoning up that conditioned response, that automatic image, which paralyses thought. Patricia Hayes's *Edna*, an androgynous pixie, face like a crumpled wash-cloth, wiry and active as a retired footballer, childish and ageless, was a genuine human being. She compelled us to react freshly and immediately, especially directed by Ted Kotcheff with his swift conjurer's images.

Some of the stopovers on her restless journey from nowhere to nowhere were places often described as "Dickensian." The adjective contains the hidden assumption that these are relics of unhappy, far-off days, if not long abolished at least slated to be demolished tomorrow morning. The truth is, as the play demonstrated, that many of these ancient refuges, such as the common lodging house, or the

ruined barn, or the camp on the bomb site are disappearing. The affluent society can find more profitable use for them, so that the wanderers are driven out, like Red Indians from their reservations where, though often miserable and exploited, they could look their exploiters in the eye, and combat their misery by their own communal rituals. The replacements, where they exist, are clinical and authoritarian, part of a Final Solution to the Failure Question.

There are some 14,000 of our fellows down there, part of an estimated 100,000 for whom the net of the Welfare State has too many holes. As the discussion on Late Night Line-Up (BBC2) afterwards suggested, their need is as urgent and important as that of any other sick people. We provide for those dying on their backs, why not for those dying on their feet?

Another approach, a variant technique, to illuminate the same area, was attempted in World in Action (ITV) which examined our Social Security machine at work. Here were the temporary misfits, the

transient drop-outs, the walking wounded of the class war, some of whom might one day join *Edna* and her friends on the road. This time, those who appeared were the actual officials and the actual victims. Jeremy Wallington's team brought them into the spotlight and by that very process dramatised the gap between the resentful, angry, confused and shamed feelings of those who have to queue for help from the state and the cold, kind, mechanical, irritated reactions of those who are paid to administer that help.

But the camera could only penetrate so far. Down came the blank wall of Whitehall regulations. Real live interviews could not be televised because this would have breached the rule of confidentiality. A third party could not eavesdrop, even if the eavesdropper was willing. The suspicion stirred that the real reason was to protect the first party.

Wallington's compromise—the civil servants giving typical advice—seemed at first pointless. All Government departments do their best for everybody, in theory. What we wanted to see was them in action (after all that is the name of the game) and in practice. The tone of voice, the use of language, is all here. But the device worked. We heard the invisible claimant telling his sad, complex, personal story and then the official, atandard, general bromides doled out according to the book. England is still two nations.

If television does not exist to show us our own faces as they might have been, had we only been born a few miles away in space, a few years away in time, then all its comedy playhouses, star-studded spectaculars, matches of the day, classic serials, arts programmes, are so much icing on a mildewed cake.

ON OTHER PAGES

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Lyndon Johnson's memoirs
will start next week

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Handel and Wagner

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

ALTHOUGH Handel is one of the greatest of all composers, one is often glad not to be one of those professional Handelians who feel obliged to prove through thick and thin the dramatic qualities and stage-worthiness of his forty operas and even the English oratorios which were not intended for the stage.

The trouble is that Handel himself can make things so awkward for his apologists. Take the case of *Ottone*, which has just enjoyed a most successful revival at Sadler's Wells by the Handel Opera Society in a clear English version by Andrew Porter. Our leading Handel scholar, Winton Dean, devotes a long article to this opera in the current *Musical Times* in the course of which he summarises the complex and sometimes absurd plot in such a way as to reduce the reader to tears of laughter or despair, and goes on to tell us of performances under the composer's direction in which music was "shifted from one character to another" and the melody of one aria could appear "in four contexts in three different operas during the course of a single year."

Nor was "Ottone" an exceptional victim of such rough treatment; again and again, when revising his pieces, (both Italian and English) for altered circumstances, Handel seems to have flung notions of dramatic consistency to the winds. That he possessed a keen dramatic sense and a strong power of characterisation is clear enough. How then can we explain his later behaviour? It is almost as though, having once satisfied his dramatic instinct in the process of composition, he thereafter said to himself in cynical tones, "I'm an early eighteenth-century man, and nobody of my time—certainly no Englishman—cares a fig for dramatic veracity so long as his favourite soprano or castrato has plenty to do... so here goes, and here goes..." ruthlessly wielding his scissors and paste.

An unusually strong cast (with one evident weakness) combined forces with the Society's excellent chorus and the English Chamber Orchestra to give, under Charles Farncombe's direction, a brilliant and beautiful account of the original version of the opera, which often shows Handel at the peak of his powers. The royal title-role was sung and acted by Anna Reynolds in a nobly affecting style that made one long to see her some day at Gluck's Orpheus. The best of the other singers were Patricia Kern as Ottone's rather martial cousin

Matilda and Antony Raffall as a blustery basso prince turned pirate; all these made their words very clear, whereas Josephine Barstow's ambitious matriarch and Sally La Sage's justifiably newwed heroine, for all the distinction of their Handelian line, often left us guessing. Terence Emery's designs and Douglas Craig's production were for the most part sensible and effective; laughs, though not avoided, were not encouraged.

The Society's second production, *Susanna*, was much inferior. The treatment of the lascivious Elders (Duncan Robertson and Eric Shilling, good singers) was crudely farcical, and their innocent victim (Jeanette Sinclair) was in tremulous voice; so that the chief pleasure of the evening was afforded by Wendy Kathorne's pure singing of the young Daniel's "Chastity" aria and by the great choruses, which are however almost entirely untheatrical and present, on stage, a body of citizens who at one moment have a godlike knowledge of the truth and next minute can cheerfully report that "Susanna is guilty, Susanna must bleed."

THREE WAGNER recordings, each occupying five discs, mark the start of the autumn season of opera at home. Of these, by far the most important is the HMV/Karajan Meistersinger (SLS 867, £11.40), treblely important because there has been no previous stereo

version worth our attention, because of the amazing beauty of sound obtained by performers and recording engineers in Dresden's Lausische, and because this is surely Wagner's finest achievement. Superhuman in ceaseless fertility of invention and firm control of a vast design, "Die Meistersinger" is at the same time among the most human and charitable of all works of art.

Karajan himself and the Dresden Staatskapelle and chorus are the main heroes of the occasion. A glow of happiness seems to have enveloped all concerned in the project; and countless lesser strands of tone that we rarely hear in the theatre, both orchestral and vocal, further increase our wonder at the familiar but inexhaustible score. From the orchestra, with its golden strings and mellow brass, I cannot resist singling out for praise one individual: the marvellously tenacious first clarinet.

What of the soloists? Good, but less uniformly so than the rest. Karajan, having deliberately chosen a very youthful Eva and Walther, had expressed unbending satisfaction with the result; but, fine as Helen Donath and René Kollo sound in all their lighter exchanges, neither of them quite rises to the big moments, where their tone remains too thin for comfort. Save perhaps for Norman Bailey, there is doubtless no better Sacba now available than Theo Adam,

who enunciates beautifully and has all the right ideas about his great part—but not quite the vocal means to realise them. Peter Schreier is a lively David, Sir Gerald Evans a brilliant Beckmesser, and Karl Ridderbusch a serene Pogner whose address to the Guild is pure poetry.

I cannot feel equally enthusiastic about either of two DGG sets (both £9.25 until the end of January). Parsifal (2724 034) emanates, like its still available Knappertsbusch predecessors of 1951 and 1962, from Bayreuth, where it was recorded under Boulez during the Festival of 1970. Neither in the theatre nor on these records can I accept the widely advertised "Borneo" version of Parsifal, taken at tempi that get a little faster every year and as devoid of piety as a deconsecrated cathedral. Thomas Stewart (Amfortas) is the best of the singers, Gwyneth Jones (Kundry) the worst.

Miss Jones' violent screams, in the role of Ortrud, also constitute a severe handicap to an otherwise sound Lehngrin (Bavarian Radio Orchestra/Kubelik, 2728 036), with James Klotz as decent an exponent of the titular hero as, in the other set, of his father Parsifal. Gundula Janowitz (Elsa) is beautifully clear and musical, but begins to sound plained above the stage. Once again, it is Karl Ridderbusch, in the solemn pronouncements of King Henry, who steals the show.

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

THE SECOND of Lorin Maazel's two Festival Hall concerts with the New Philharmonia provided an evening of sheer musical enjoyment. Both the New Philharmonia Orchestra and its conductor, Lorin Maazel gave us superlative virtuosity.

In the gradual unfolding and cumulative growth of Sibelius' Seventh Symphony, the magical spell as well as fantastic musical skill of Bartók's Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, the impressionistic nocturnal panorama of Delius' *La nuit* and in the prolix and tuneful ebullience of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," neither were found wanting. The peerless born-playing of Nicholas Busch in "Till" was only one of many felicities in a performance both clear and exciting.

As inspiring as the music-making was the large and very

youthful audience. Perhaps the fact that the Bartók is a required piece for A-levels in music had something to do with it. Thirty scholars from Tonbridge, forty-five from Cranbrook, and ninety from Charterhouse, two coaches, loads of "Youth and Music" from Southend and probably many other similar parties had a glorious opportunity to experience live the effect of two string orchestras placed antipodally, for which even stereo recordings of their required piece are mere substitutes. More important, they could assess in ideal circumstances how four composers who were contemporaries for more than half a century, using the accumulated harmonic richness of which they were the inheritors, all succeeded in writing music that was so completely individual. They may understand the malaise of music today; many would-be composers imagine that indi-

viduality today implies an absolute rejection of this patrimony. Happily the successors of these four late nineteenth-century masters—composers like Britten, Shostakovich and Frank Martin—exist to disprove this, and Thursday's young audience is a kind of indication that good musical sense still prevails in some quarters.

Another indication is the extraordinary happy involvement of singers and players alike in the Kingsway Hall recording sessions I attended last week of another Delius work, "A Village Romeo and Juliet." The verve of the Fair Scene, the melodic flow of the music for Vreli and Sali, in which Elizabeth Harwood and Robert Tear seemed to be reverberating, was all captured in an atmosphere all too often lacking on such occasions. New evidence that Delius' music did not die with Beecham.

Borrowed visions

THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

have claimed for his work is that it sees "The Idiot" in a special light. It dramatises "The Idiot" as it might appear to the disordered imagination of a nightmare. The incidents follow one another without preparation or perspective, as if in a frenetic dream. This would be impressive if it were not all presented in such an old-fashioned way. The motion of a train is shown—believe it or not—by three actors sitting on a bench, and swaying from side to side; while the black-gowned Natasha (Sara Kestelman) sweeps through the play like a vamp in an early film of Feuillade's. The play adds nothing to Dostoevsky, and one almost regrets that it is too ineffective to take anything away.

At Her Majesty's there is another novel adapted to the stage—this time Henry James' "The Ambassadors." Ambassador, as it is called, is cluttered with plot, tripped up by conventional dances, impeded by unmemorable songs, and drenched in comic picture postcard vulgarity. It provides an evening of practically

undiluted misery. If we see a worse musical than this during the next twelve months we shall be unlucky. Howard Keel sings manfully, and Danielle Darrieux has a mellow charm that does come near the elusive magic of James' writing. They go down honourably but inexorably in a sea of innuendoes.

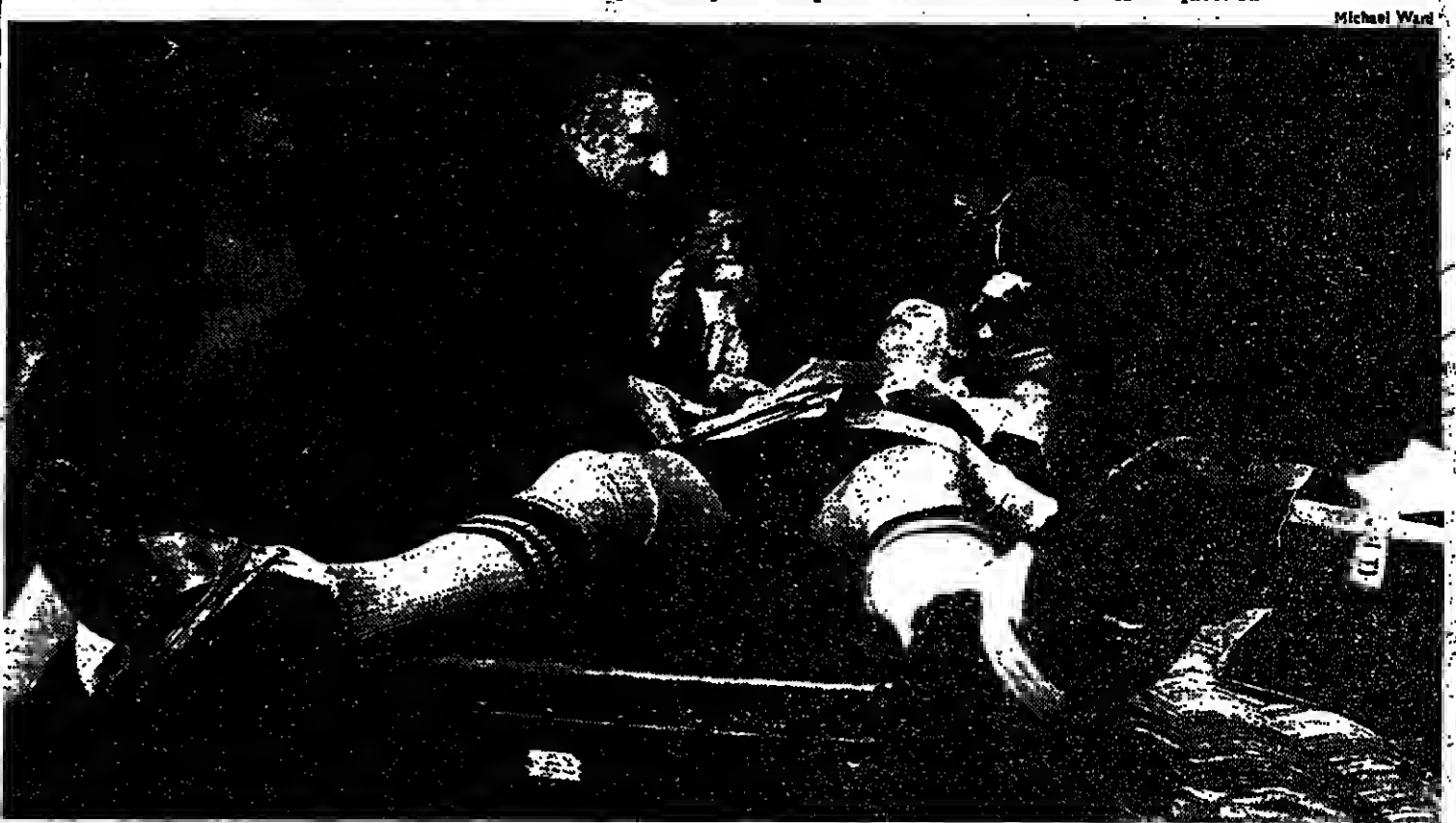
"The Ambassadors" is about an American brought into contact with the high decadence of European civilisation, a civilisation which irresistibly attracted him, but of which he was instinctively suspicious. Mme Darrieux might credibly be the representative of civilised society; but such a society cannot be shown in a scene with three whores in a street such as we have here: nor in another in which a cabaret manager assures us that you can always tell a lady by her hat; nor in yet another in which an artist sings "What can you do with a nude?" These things are infinitely pathetic, for they are vulgar without reaping the rewards of vulgarity. They are a travesty of what Paris meant to

James; yet a travesty too obvious and inhibited to rouse even a ripple of interest on their own low level in an age as permissive as ours.

As is Proper, by Tom Mallin the lunch-time show at the King's Head, is better than this. A lower middle-class husband (Edward Phillips) smugly boasts to his browbeaten wife (Sheila Allen) of his sexual triumph, but it is she who carries off the prize. In the evenings at the King's Head there is Roy Minton's *Death in Leicester*, which I enjoyed when I saw it done at Edinburgh University at a recent Festival.

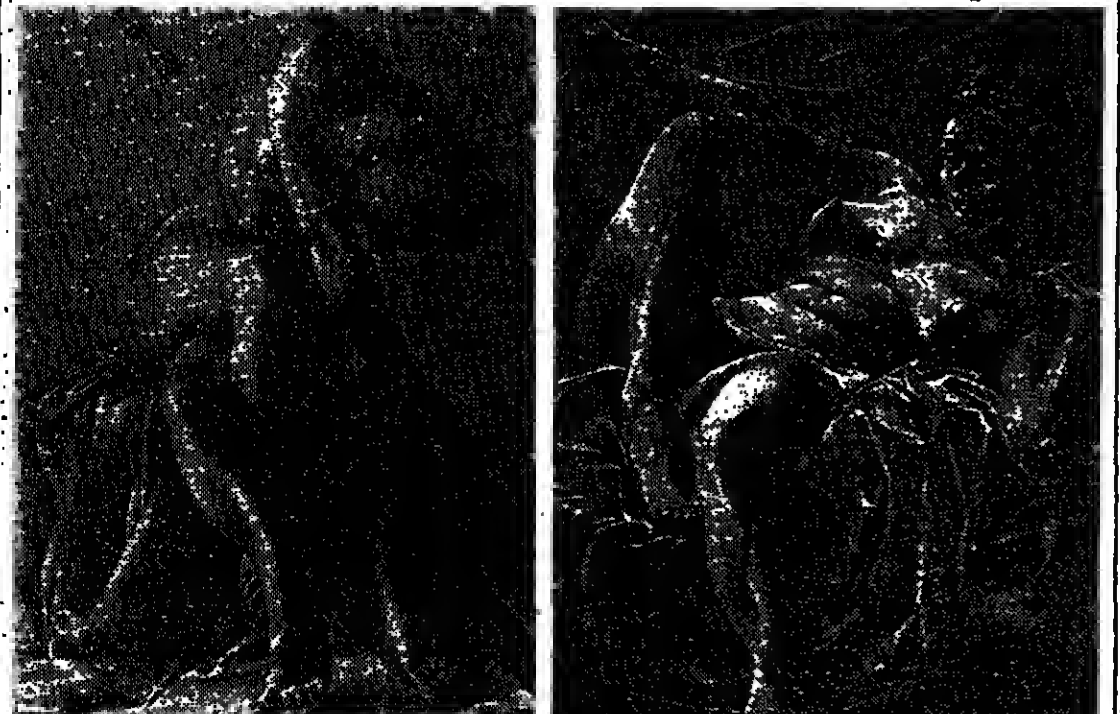
But far more important is the question of what in the British theatre is going to happen to the work of Marguerite Duras, whose "Suzanna Andler" finished Guildford last night. Our attitude to Madame Duras is important as was our attitude to Harold Pinter in 1958, and John Osborne in 1956, and a less straitened week than the I hope to say some things on about which I feel very strongly. In my opinion there is only one director, and only one leading actress in this country who has shown any understanding of Mme Duras' exciting and absorbing work. But that is a complicated question.

Michael Ward



Preparing for play: Lindsay Anderson (centre, with book) rehearsing David Storey's new play "The Changing Room" with Warren Clarke (recumbent) and (left to right) Barry Keegan, Donald McKillop and John Price (Royal Court, November 3)

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SO MUCH was done for and about Picasso on his 70th, 75th, 80th and 85th birthdays that it takes a delicate ingenuity to think up something new for tomorrow, his 90th. So full marks to the Tate, which will release a huge flock of white doves to mark the occasion; and to M. Pompidou, who has caused eight top-class works to be hung in the Grande Galerie in the Louvre; and to the ICA, which has assembled an ad hoc anthology of Picassos from London private collections.

The best compliment we can pay to Picasso tomorrow is to take a slow, thorough look at one major painting and get to understand what it's all about, after all. Money, in this context, is the critic's criterion; the personal legend has been thumbed and re-thumbed beyond the limits of endurance; and Adulation, Inc. cannot tell the difference between creativity and the inability to stop working.

But no one can look too often, or too quietly, at works like the drawing of 1905 and 1907, the great "Weeping Woman" (1937), or the recent and admirably obvious "Monsieur et la Pipe II

(1969) at the ICA. Nor shall we waste time or money if we pick up, at £1, the revised and enlarged version of Roland Penrose's "Picasso: His Life and Work" which is due out in the Pelican Biographies next Thursday. (Roland Penrose is also behind the Picasso volume in the Pbsidon colour-plate series—good value at £2—and the updated and re-issued "Portrait of Picasso" (Lund Humphries, £1.75; hardback £2.50), which offers an authoritative documentation without inopportune luxury or fuss).

NOT NEARLY ENOUGH has been made, in my view, of Ensor to Fermeke at the Royal Academy. People know about van Eyck and van der Weyden, at one great extreme; and at another extreme White Space Gallery in Antwerp as a key-place for today's avant-

garde. Flemish achievements in between have never found its niche in this country.

Yet this is a big, strong, carefully-planned show which will give pleasure to anyone who believes that art is best carried out by folked and powerful natures. There is nothing flimsy or uncommitted about a full-scale landscape by Permeke. Evensope in his short life (1872-1899) ran level with his colleagues—Matisse, Rouault, Marquet—in the class of Gustave Moreau; in his portrait of the Spanish painter Turinno in the middle of the Place Pigalle, a whole era is recaptured. Wouters before 1914 went at colour with outgoing, two-handed energy which ridicules the idea of a measured good taste. And Edgard Tytgat is really very funny, on occasion; that taut fine-drawn voluptuous line was just the job for an imaginary libertine.

Homage to Picasso

ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

Altogether it will be a pity if London cannot extend to our Belgian visitors the kind of informed interest which in Brussels or Antwerp, greets every new move on the part of Caro and Hoyland and Peter Blake. And as I am now back on home ground I must comment on the new paintings of Sandra Blow at the New Art Centre. Miss Blow has for some years been corralled in the adjustments of tans and ochres which have so greatly brightened the interest of the RA summer shows, but in her new work great slashing shafts of colour—red against yellow, yellow against orange, scarlet enwrapped in bright blue—operate at a much higher level of interaction, and with results correspondingly more rewarding. This is a very good show, and not to be missed.

It is beyond doubt a misfortune for Patrick Hughes that he is both so witty and so modest. If he were a pretentious ass who couldn't open his beak without mentioning Chomsky and Saussure he would be taken more seriously. As it is, he has gone on quietly perfecting a thought-through attitude to the linguistics of painting which finds outlet in terms of wit. What if a rainbow were not an illusory arch, but a real one? What if railway-lines travelled on wheels, instead of the other way round? What if trains were really semi-circular in shape, instead of just seeming to be so when they go round a curve? These are some of the ideas which Hughes works out at Angela Flowers' new gallery at 374, Portland Mews, D'Arbury Street, W.1.

Peter Johnson was dying rather high when he gave the title "Quintessence of Civilisation" to the show at the Lowndes Lodge Gallery (which is in aid of the Venice in Peril fund, by the way). But if civilisation means the ability to live in peace with a wide variety of people and objects, then this resourceful anthology of English and European painters—Bassano, Bernardino Luini, Comstock, Crome and Hoppner among them—can be said to live up to its name.

The doomed princess

DANCE □ RICHARD BUCKLE

LAST WEEK we considered the poetic first act of MacMillan's *Anastasia* and some of its characterisations. The court ball of Act II, danced to Tchaikovsky's Third Symphony, is also subtly imaginative to be buffeted from a surfeit of polonaises and mazurkas, and Tchaikovsky provides no music for the revolutionary outburst at the end. (I think that instead of the hawking and dogging we should merely see the workers looting motionless and larger than life on a projection at the back, while the ball sweeps on to its formal conclusion.) After the tremendous *pas de deux* for Kchessinskaya and partner Merle Park with Anthony Dowell or Desmond Kelly in glittering form, the choreographer makes imaginative use of the mysterious *ondante* to convey the heroine's misgivings as she observes unexplained schisms between the Tsar and Kchessinskaya, the Tsarina and Rasputin.

The tomboy Anastasia of Act I becomes the well-mannered de-

but of Act II, then the tormented exile of Act III, on the brink of madness. This last, to the music of Bohuslav Martinu, is the climax of Lynn Seymour's varied and wonderful performance. She brings to the ballet a new dimension to ballet as Garbo did to the screen. Lesley Collier, who replaced her, has the advantage of youth to compensate for lacking the dark intonations of experience, but she, too, is remarkable and was granted hardly less of an ovation.

Barry Kay's first-act designs, his second-act dresses and his last-act projections are prodigiously successful. "Anastasia" seems to be weathering the critical storm.

On Thursday Jerome Robbins' Dances at a Gathering and Mac-

millan's "Rite of Spring" returned to the repertoire at Covent Garden. The former seems to me as perfect a work of art as I have seen on the ballet stage. Chopin's mazurkas, waltzes and preludes are played, undistorted

by orchestration; the ten dancers reflect their veering moods; out of these dances, spectacular, amorous, heroic, funny and sad emerges a picture of life being lived. Better not single out any one of the artists who contributed to a magical performance.

Mason, though, one must say, after excelling herself in the Chopin was bad in the role she created in "The Rite." Stravinsky clown of death. This grand work stands up well and was dynamically danced.

At Wimbledon the Royal Ballet gave us another Herbert Ross ballet *The Males*, after Genet, to Milhaud. The subtlest Grand maître with the two maleds amazingly played by Cooke and Nicholas Johnson. Doreen Wells was divine in the slow movement of MacMillan's Shostakovich "Concerto." At Richmond the Royal Ballet presented ingenious "Ballet for All."

The sound of poetry

RADIO □ JEREMY RUNDALL

ORAL POETRY is among the most ancient of the arts. But for centuries in the Western world, it has been eclipsed by the increasing sophistication of written verse, whose midwife was the printing press. With a nice touch of irony an even more sophisticated technology, radio, may claim a principal part in the revival of poetry for speaking. Some poetry, though, simply doesn't work when it's read aloud. Its subtleties need the printed page, for internal rhyme, alliteration, double meanings and word-play. Thus Wyatt and Surrey did not show to their best advantage on Wednesday in fourth of 26 weekly programmes on *The English Poets* from Chancer to Yeats.

So far I am filled with admiration for this chronological series compiled by Peter Porter and Anthony Thwaite. Poets themselves, they have been firmly, even arrogantly arbitrary in their intrusion of some minor poets and omission of a few big names. A good anthology should reflect its compilers' taste and not try to please everyone. But in reading poems aloud, it was perhaps inevitable that Chaucer's bold, relatively simple narrative line should come through better.

George Macbeth, producing the series, is himself a "speaking" poet and in his occasional Poetry Now broadcasts, largely concerned with new writers, he does much for the oral tradition. Even more immediate and vocal is The

Northern Drift, which in poetry and prose alike seems to speak with an authentic voice.

But with radio, so expressive a medium, I should like to try a kite and suggest an experiment. A Rhyme in Time was only a moderately amusing panel game, but the verse, however awful, was spontaneous. So why not a serious programme to which tried and new writers might be invited, given a choice of themes and asked to extemporise a poem? The results need not be lost, for unlike the old hall-makers we have tape-machines. At worst, it would be a useful exercise in pure spoken verse discipline; at best, we might get some rich surprises. Either way, it would scarcely be dull.

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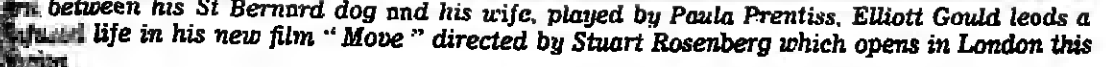
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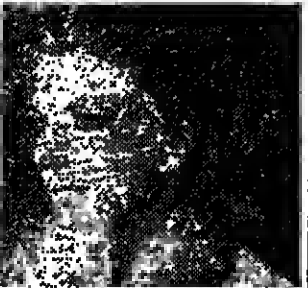
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By Hugh Johnson

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MITCHELL BEAZLEY

(Distributed by George Philip)

TO MOST OF US our early years are often deliciously vivid, as if seen through the wrong end of field-glasses, whereas our adult life is apt to look out of focus, whether it has been too various to define, or was dimmed by routine. Mr. Pritchett, however, seems to have escaped that handicap in this sequel to his dazzling first autobiographical volume, "A Cab at the Door". He gives to most of the book a shape by omitting some of his crucial experiences, turning slighter episodes into short stories, and concentrating upon his growth into a writer. Born in 1900, he lived with hard-up, ignorant parents, whose quarrels, he tells us, closed his heart for a long while. After only a year in a good grammar school, he started work as an office boy at fifteen. He is therefore almost entirely self-educated—a condition which seems to foster his originality and does not diminish his knowledge.

Not that I can agree with those who consider the lives of the poor more real than those of the comfortably-off. "Real" and "reality" are in any case words of which I fight shy: they are usually so indefinite. Moreover, when Mr. Pritchett was young, the seedy philistinism of the lower middle class was much harder to escape from than the time-honoured barbarism of our preparatory and public schools, which excited rebellion in most of the future authors who went to them. But escape he did, his acute brain forcing him to question the peculiar and contra-

dictory beliefs of his parents—and that for a potential writer is the first step necessary. At twenty, when this new book of his begins, off he went on his own to live in Paris, where he got himself jobs first as a photographer's clerk, then as a commercial traveller in shellac, and soon he began to write under the influence of Stevenson, Belloc, Barrie and Locke (not John but the now forgotten W. J.). His two Parisian years gave him self-confidence, a good knowledge of French and French literature, a frank love of pleasure and a passion for freedom, although he remained shy and prickly. He had also "learnt to be absurd" and willing to see what happened to him. "I must say I enjoy things going wrong."

Next, on his way home after losing his job, he met in the boat-train the London editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* who sent him, inexperienced though he was, to report for that paper on Ireland during the Troubles—"the first modern defeat of imperialism." This amazing stroke of luck was one of life's little ironies. For he and his mother had lived in constant financial anxiety owing to his misgiver father, who had found in his own version of Mrs. Eddy's teaching a rationalisation of his incurable optimism. Divine

Visions of the world

WILLIAM GOLDING'S most successful stories are those in which, with apparently effortless brilliance, he uses his imagination to view the past as though it were the present. (With the contemporary world seen directly, as in "The Pyramid," he is less happy.) The three short novels in *The Scorpion God* are about the Roman or prehistoric past. They are vivid, occasionally horrifying, more often pawky funny, written from an attitude that is both childish, wondering open-eyed at marvels, and schoolmasterly, finding rational explanations for everything.

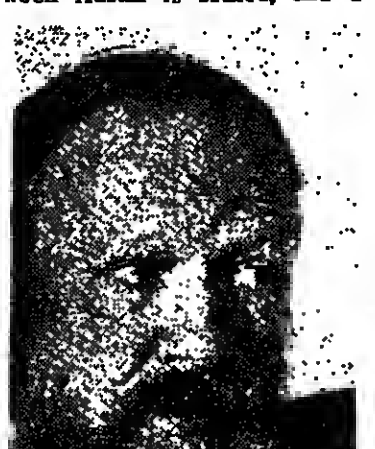
The title story is about a power struggle in a primitive hierarchical society, ruled by the Head Man through a god called Great House, who has a kind of court jester named Liar. If Great House is not successful in bringing the waters up to the Nether of Great Eating on a palm tree, or if they rise to the Nether of Utter Calamity, he must be sacrificed. The details of this society are invented with immense versatility. There is a young Prince going blind with catarrh, who does not wish to become a god, or to obey the law by marrying his sister. The sister, Pretty Flower, has already outraged convention by becoming the lover of Liar, who is not her blood relation. The situation can only be resolved by Golding's Law of superior force.

In "Clonk Clonk" force is joined to cunning to redeem the fortunes of the young warrior Charging Elephant, who is mocked by his fellow Leopard Men and renamed Chimp, when a damaged axle makes him limp. Again a hierarchical society, this time based on strength. The Leopard Men hunt the women value male children, long for sex. And again, in the conversion of Chimp to the dignity of Wounded Leopard, it is the details which make the fable as fascinating as a bit of the *Good Enough* third story, "Envoy Extraordinary," is about the unhappy fate of a Greek who brings to Imperial Rome the inventions of a steam boat, a pressure cooker and gunpowder. This story has appeared before. It plays rather easily for a Scharian or neo-Vaughn device, like the still remarkable, and often very funny. The three tales are the work of somebody with a wholly original and disturbing view of man's place in the world.

Like much of Iris Murdoch's recent work, *An Accidental Man* offers interesting opportunities for abstract or metaphysical speculation. Ludwig, a first generation American who has torn up his draft card and intends to drop into Oxford academic life, is an embodiment of Calvinism, while his girl Gracie seems an

image of childish openness. The book's other protagonist, Austin Gibson Grey, the accidental man himself, is Ludwig's opposite. He refuses any kind of involvement with passion, jobs, public events, and lives, literally and emotionally, off other people attended by a host of loving women. He represents perhaps some principle about the survival of the unfittest.

Miss Murdoch employs considerable and varied comic resources in this long novel. There is some excellent dialogue when Austin is sacked, and a



William Golding: "disturbing view"

splendid passage about an old lady dying, and murmuring a word misinterpreted as "priest" and "peace," when she is in fact calling for the solicitor to change her will. There are sections told successfully in letter form, and the use of some post-Prank or neo-Vaughn devices, like the frequent mention of characters who never appear in the book.

Yet the figures who survive in memory are the minor grotesques, Mitzie the ex-athlete longing for love, Norman Monkey the blackmailer and would-be novelist, who suffers brain damage after attack by Austin, and ends up happily doing basket-work. By the aide of these splendid figures, the principal characters seem thin, and their motivation often baffling. Why does Gracie become shrew-

Serious without solemnity

MIDNIGHT OIL by V. S. Pritchett/Chatto & Windus £2.25

RAYMOND MORTIMER

Mind, he was convinced, would bring him prosperity, although Malicious Animal Magnetism, often projected by the Jesuits, might afflict him with such imaginary evils as bankruptcy and moonlight fixations. "Every movement of light, every turn of leaf, every person seemed to occupy me physically, so that I had no self left." (Hence the poetic vein revealed in his later travel books and often in the pathos of his stories.) His articles satisfied his employers; and he has earned a living with his pen ever since.

At twenty-three he made a marriage that soon fell apart. Twelve years later he remarried, and had two children; but he tells us nothing about his wives, the second of whom this book is dedicated. Moreover the last thirty-five years of his life occupy less than one-fifth of this book; and I cannot help wishing that he had kept them to us at length for our delight in a third volume. "A writer," he maintains, "is, at the very least, two persons. He is the prosaic man at his desk and a sort of valet who dogs him

and does the living"—a notion suggested, I think, by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Now let me turn from the valet to the so versatile and industrious artist. Although, like almost all good writers, addicted to constant revision, he has produced five novels, seven collections of short stories, five books of criticism and six about places.

I think of him first and foremost as an impassioned expert upon human nature, and among male authors now unequalled in the depth of his sympathy with women, though Miss Germaine Greer might not approve of the plump, soft, laughing, Rubens blondes whom he paints with so much brio. Prudentially obedient, he seems never to have forgotten anything he has seen, heard or smelt. The most commonplace scenes he depicts brim with colours and shapes: even his similes are mostly visual. (His earliest aim was to become a painter.) Yet while still at school he became obsessed also with language, turns of phrase and the sounds of words. Learn log on the Continent to talk French and Spanish sharpened

an ear that was already good and made his lips ductile, thus helping his pursuit of euphony in English.

He inherited from his mother a gift for story-telling, which in his twenties became professional. I felt the beginning of a passion, hopeless in the long run, but very nourishing, for identifying myself with people who were not my own and whose lives were governed by ideas alien to mine.

Again, it is part of the function of a novelist to speak for people, make them say or reveal what they are unable to say, to give them dignity, even the distinction of being comical.

Reviewers have been wrong, he explains, in thinking him "interested in what are called 'characters', i.e. eccentrics." What he likes is to expose (rather in Isen's fashion) the illusions and revealed ideas by which they live. Yet this book does, like all his others, depict a lot of queer fish, such as the table-turning couple, who got into touch not with Shakespeare, as one might expect, but with Hamlet, which sounds more difficult. (Did he, I wonder, complain about the portrait of him in the play?) The truth is, I believe, that almost all of us would seem to Mr. Pritchett what we think eccentric; but we take

ourselves for granted, blessedly unaware of our oddities. As Santayana said, "We are all, on fond, caricatures of ourselves, and a good eye will see through our conventions, disguises and labels."

When Mr. Pritchett began writing criticism in 1923 for the *New Statesman*, he was concerned with the artist's attitudes to social justice. He still is; but he soon came to realise that "literature grows out of literature as much as out of a writer's times," and also that "a work of art is a deposit left by the contradictions of a writer has in his own nature." Such remarks reveal the elasticity of approach needed by all critics for doing justice to the variety of impulses that produce a work of art. Who writes with greater penetration than he about novelists as well as about novels?

Naturally he values his short stories above his criticism; yet his mastery, whether he is portraying actual or imaginary characters, depicting places or relishing masterpieces, depends, I believe, upon the same gifts, acumen in observation, gusto, irony, warmth of understanding and liveliness of language. These of his novels I have read do not seem as good as his short stories, and the speed with which his mind works sometimes makes him elliptical; but in the variety of his powers I think he is now unrivalled. He enjoys less fame than he deserves, because his lack of solemnity disguises from the public, though not from fellow-writers, his deep seriousness.



Yeats (seated, left) and his contemporaries: G. K. Chesterton, James Stephens, Lennox Robinson (standing); Compton Mackenzie, Augustus John and Edwin Lutyens. This is one of the 138 illustrations from "W. B. Yeats and his World" by Michael Mac Lianmóir and Carrin Boland (Thames & Hudson £1.95). Mr Mac Lianmóir is in "Talking About Yeats" at the Duke of York's Theatre until Saturday

SHORT STORIES □ OSCAR TURNILL

She Knew She Was Right by Ivy Litvinov (Gollancz £1.90). A quite outstanding set of stories, distinguished by charm and style as well as by an infectious radiance of goodwill and love of living. Ivy Litvinov is the widow, English-born, of Maxim Litvinov, but there is little here for kill-joy sovietologists. Instead there is a marvellous evocation of Victorian-Edwardian childhood in England, and in Call it Love the amusing wooing of an agency typist by an emigre visitor (shades of Ann Veronica and The Confidential Agent). There are also stories set in rural Russia, making much of Russian fondness for English writing, and—back in modern London—a literary joke and a particularly well-managed portrait of a family being happily unhappy in its own particular way.

Red-Dirt Marijanna by Terry Southern (Jonathan Cape £1.75). It seems you either belong to pot-smoking society or you don't, and Southern offers some choice samples of the latter. A Russian people win try to ignore the "keep out" notices. But on the evidence of Put-down, in which four smokers labour mightily at reuniting a split of globe of

mercury, who wants to get in? Yet the early stories, before the volume tips over into reprinted journalism not all of which is as funny as it is indeed, have undeniable power: the relationship between a Texan farmer's son and a Negro labourer, an inadvertent killing by a young gang in New York, the idle callousness of boys with guns on a hot Texan afternoon; and, to be fair, the "pot" stories too.

The Innocent and the Guilty by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus £1.90). The title is a shade portentous, but the nice stories it covers are continuously entertaining and made with impeccable craftsmanship. The best are amusing: a thriller-writer leaping to a series of romantic false conclusions about an unknown pulp-painter, in *A Visionary Glean*; a poet's widow (and patroness) ironically obliging every wild hope of a reluctant isostanbiographer, in the perfect setting. It is not all sweetness: in *The Green Torso*, which begins by seeming an old-fashioned tale about a withdrawn youth exploring old London, the scene shifts into the Savoy Hotel, and just as blandly skins a bippy character to reveal the bully underneath.

The Wheel of Love by Joyce Carol Oates (Gollancz £2.25). The people in Miss Oates' stories lead such sensitive lives, are so self-

aware, that they should be enviable, but to a man (or more often a woman) they lack almost entirely the capacities to laugh and to forget or forgive that make life supportable. Often they are casualties of modern American urban living—typically in Connalesing, in which a man who lost his memory in a car-crash, two days after his wife had told him she was in love with someone else, struggles to reacquire his identity, remembering only the crash and that fatal conversation with the wife who will not now leave him. They are totally realised and delineated with compassion, but the end effect is awfully depressing.

Winter's Tales 17 (Macmillan £1.75). Another excellent collection, edited this year by Caroline Hobbhouse. Harold Arden in *The Gift Horse* offers a witty portrait of a group of idle well-to-do of whom one is linked by the devil from each to give to the others; Francis King uses a tennis match (*The Love Game*) to epitomise the rivalry between a younger suitor and his specialist senior; Olivia Manning is represented by *The Banana House*, a cutting portrait of a waspish office spinster first published in our own magazine; Frank Tashby submits a neat exemplification of the thought-process between East (Japan) and West. Nine stories in all.

Familiar faces

KATHLEEN AND FRANK by Christopher Isherwood/Methuen £4.50

pp 300

FREDERIC RAPHAEL

first, as a minor character, always referred to, rather archly, in the third person, like a self-effacing Caesar. However, to imagine that this long book is a mere essay in piety is to underestimate the author, and his vanity. Christopher slowly emerges from the shadow of the parents from whose influence, both alive (in the case of Kathleen) and posthumous (in that of Frank), it was once so vital for him to escape. Now, however, there is a rueful smile on his face, for he recognises them in himself. He even welcomes them: He forgives and embraces them; and acknowledges that he is, after all, embracing and forgiving himself.

It is, of course, against the fashion to believe in inherited characteristics. Sartre dismisses childhood and insists that we make ourselves anew through conscious decision. The primacy of the id in modern theories of liberation deals a blow to the significance of character or constancy. Yet it is easier to deny one's heritage than to shed its influence. Isherwood finally emerges almost as a composite of his family. He even had a homosexual uncle, Jack. Curiously, this largely historical work restores one's confidence in the traditional value of the particular. It makes credible, like a sincere, crucial experiment, the theories expressed by C. D. Darlington in his *Evolution of Man and Society*. Heredity is made respectable again.

I am not, of course, suggesting that the old ways are the best. No one, reading the protracted correspondence between Frank and

Kathleen leading up to their marriage, could fail to cry out against the regiments of self-deception operating between the late Victorians. The dotty scrupulousness of Henry James was not the ethical fantasy of a maiden gentleman, but the actual coinage of life.

Isherwood's father represses himself to the verge of idiocy: Kathleen is a kind of Unkerbell, kept alive by the fervent devotion of her suitor. Now, one wonders, did they ever come to terms with the foxy truths of the marriage bed? Yet Frank was a man, and a good one. Though a professional soldier, he was sensitive and artistic. He was almost two men; the one as conventional as a Public School hymn, the other a talented amateur artist and musician, both of them commendably free of illusions.

Christopher now sees himself as the true son of the repressed, Bohemian Frank, the man his father dreamed of being, but never was. Just before Frank was killed at the second battle of Ypres, he dreamed of becoming the commandant of Kneiser Hall, home of the army musical academy. Had he survived, he might have been a less daunting, demanding element in Christopher's super-ego.

This is a long and sometimes self-indulgently prolix volume, but its longuquity are those of an old novel whose author has earned the right to please himself. The slow approach of Frank's death, in a war none foresaw and all expected to end quickly, is heralded by a series of touchingly good-humoured and uncomplaining letters from the trenches. Kathleen's anguish at his death cracks her patrician complacency and starts to turn her into the strong, if obsessively nostalgic, mother of Christopher's maturity. Despite its brevity and its formalities, one comes to believe in the true marriage of Kathleen and Frank. Isherwood here joins hands firmly with his forefathers and comes forward with them to take a bow. Who can refuse to join in the applause?

Another think coming

Practical Thinking by Edward de Bono (Cape £1.95). The indefatigable de Bono goes on and on telling us how to think, producing books almost faster than they can be assimilated. The previous volume is most eloquently produced, and the illustrations by Alan Tunbridge are first class. But, sad to relate, the contents are boring. There is something rotten about de Bono's style which ultimately alienates. He is a very clever man, with a crossword puzzle type of mind; ingenious, fertile, resourceful.

Give him a problem, and he will undoubtedly come up faster than 90 per cent of us with a solution. This book is subtitled: "Four ways to be right. Five ways to be wrong. Five ways to understand. Perhaps Dr Bono should not be quite so sure that he is right, in spite of the fact that, most of the time, he probably is." The use of lateral thinking, and "The Mechanics of Mind" are both better books than this; and one can commend them to readers seeking enlightenment on thinking. PD

A thoroughly corrupt, gloating salacious, shoutingly funny book. Axelrod returns to the gambling tables of professional wit, where men fight and dies for a titter, and with his first throw he breaks the bank.

Kenneth Tynan on

GEORGE AXELROD'S

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Just published £1.50

ANDRE DEUTSCH

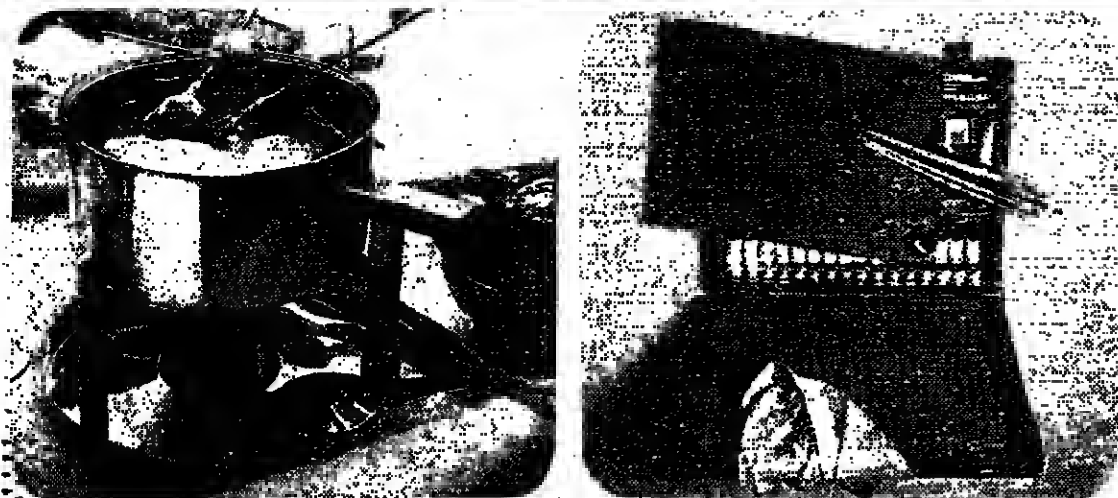
the destruction committee

WILLIAM J. COUGHLIN

Every month one socially undesirable citizen is assassinated by a team of ruthless ex-Green Berets from Vietnam. Their seventh victim is to be the U.S. Vice-President Elect. A splendid novel of suspense and controlled violence, reminiscent of *The League of Gentlemen* and *The Day of the Jackal*.

£2.50

HARRAP



Pick of our bargains

THESE ARE two Sunday Times Special Offers which were particularly popular and about which enquiries still come in. It seemed so as that it would be helpful to repeat them.

FONDUE SET (above, left). It's indispensable for entertaining, according to the fondue fans. For cheese: rub the inside of a fondue pan with garlic. Grate into it 1lb Gruyère cheese and pour in 2 glasses white wine. Stir constantly over medium flame until mixture bubbles. Add 1 tablespoon cornflower blended with 1 glass of Kirsch and stir until mixture bubbles again. Add nut of butter. Drop in pieces of French bread—and eat. For fondue Bourguignonne: Fill a third of the pan with 1 butter, 1 cooking oil, and boil on the stove. Transfer to the burner and keep very hot. You need about 1 oz. of prime fillet steak per person cut into mouthsize cubes. Have ready sauces which people can choose from to put on their plates: Bearnaise mustard mayonnaise, mushroom provencal, curry, tomato, any you like. Put a piece of the beef into a fork and dip into the pan of oil, until cooked (about ten seconds). You will soon work out how long you need to have it in the oil for your own taste. If the

SUNDAY TIMES SPECIAL OFFER

meat doesn't sizzle when it goes in, turn the burner up. Dip the meat into one of the sauces and eat it remembering that it will be very hot indeed. (If you have two forks, you won't get so hungry waiting. One piece of meat cooks while you eat the other.) Accompaniments should be french bread and green salad, but creamed spinach also goes very

well. At £9.75 the fondue set is £4 under the recommended retail price.

PORTABLE OIL-PAINTING BOX (above, right). It has compartments for tubes of paint, brushes, bottles of turpentine, etc. The palette fits over them like a lid when the box is closed. The palette knife is the straight spatula type. It is used for lifting paint off the palette, mixing paint, scraping excess paint from the picture and it can also be used for applying paint. There is another knife specially designed for painting with, shaped like a fine trowel. The brushes are all hog hair except for a very small detail brush. At £15.75 it is a remarkable buy and a most handsome present.

To order please fill in this coupon in block letters with a ball point pen. This offer is open to readers in the UK only and up to three weeks should be allowed for delivery.

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The smoothest furniture yet

ADDENDUM is a stunning new range of glass reinforced polyester (GRP for short) furniture, the first products of a new company formed by Allan Cooper and Barry Mazur. It is also the first furniture in Britain to be produced by a process called cold injection moulding which in practical terms means that you get a much smoother finish, a more even level of material.

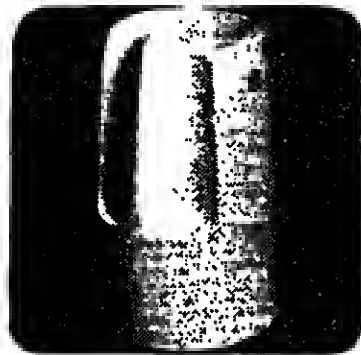
For domestic use the smooth finish means no snagged tights and in the contract field it means that furniture can stack without any danger of scratching. Everything can be used inside or out, it's weather-proof and will not rot or deteriorate.

Roger Wilkes, a specialist in plastics, is the designer. The range is very large—there are dining tables, occasional tables, high tubs, low tubs, chairs

Dining chairs—£27.10 each

high and low and later there will be storage units. It all comes in white, red, yellow, blue or orange but can be ordered in any British Standard colour. Heal's of 196, Tottenham Court Road, London, WC2, are stockists at the moment.

TILE MART in Great Portland Street has become well-known among architects, designers and the ordinary public as the place to go and see a large selection of ceramic tiles from many countries. Now they have opened another, similar shop, selling the



High stool—£9.95

same ranges of tiles and offering similar services, but in another part of London—at 107, Finsbury Road, London, S.W.1. The tiles of course are lovely, especially some of the new plain rough-glazed tiles from Italy and France. There's also some nice colourful pottery from France, Sardinia and Italy.

A shadow of his former self

A FRIEND (who will remain anonymous, as I shall myself), said to me recently of anorexia nervosa that it was the "up-and-coming illness." The phenomenon, if not the name, is by now familiar: the victim, usually a young girl, embarks on a diet which eventually gains control of her and she comes to take a pride in her (by now unattractive) emaciation. The illness is often related to the girl-in-beddit syndrome.

My husband has been suffering from anorexia for two and a half years. The condition is so rare among men that my husband's case can in no way be regarded as classic; but it does, I think, highlight essential features.

Our first year of marriage was happy. We both assumed that a stable relationship had helped overcome my husband's feelings of inadequacy and insecurity, especially marked since the death of both his parents during adolescence. However, the practical and emotional difficulties of leaving university, where we met, assumed in our case exaggeratedly tragic proportions.

Rather than seeking to change our situation, or passively waiting for circumstances to improve, my husband channelled his need for my positive action into denying himself food.

My husband has always, in situations which he lacked the confidence to ride, tended to "punish" himself physically. This punishment gives him a measure of security if it works itself, as habit, into the fabric of his life.

He has always, for example, been given to abnormally early rising, and I saw in his changing eating habits the same kind of quirkiness. If this seems strangely indifferent on my part, it's worth remembering that in most marriages the partners will allow each other some area of private choice, and show respect for idiosyncrasies.

Besides, the realisation while providing a clue for the initiated has a mesmerising effect on those involved. My husband's attitude towards

food gave that aspect of our lives a shape which, in the beginning, we both acknowledged: certain foods became taboo, and the taboo could only be broken on highly ritualised occasions. In the more acute stages of the illness, alarming importance was attached to an equal division of food. We would act out a solemn mealtime farce in which slices of mushroom were tossed from plate to plate against a backdrop of crashing china and cutlery.

The beginning of the acute stage of the illness coincided with the birth of our baby. My pregnancy had obscured one of the symptoms of his illness, an almost total loss of sexual appetite.

Guilt and humiliated by his sexual inadequacy, my husband punished himself further by eating less, getting up earlier, adding more useless self-imposed tasks to his daily round. All of which had an even more deleterious effect on his sexuality and left him morose and preoccupied.

Although this was the period of his most disturbing weight loss, I still took no independent action. By now fully emotionally involved in my husband's symptoms, I felt guilt at his increasingly skeletal appearance, humiliation at what I saw as my own failure to awaken any residual spark of desire—I was debilitated by a growing hysteria. A further cause of my hysteria I shared with everybody who has suffered through the suffering of the mentally ill: although my husband's mind worked with a logic that was hard to fault, his premises bore no relation to outside reality as I saw it, and I seized on screaming bouts as the one weapon that came to hand.

Our misery was undoubtedly aggravated by the insensitivity and incompetence of other people. Our doctors, while admirable for most day-to-day medical needs, are like many today, embarrassed by the personal and disinterested to explore the abnormal.

My husband, after a year's intensive starvation, collapsed at work. The general practice, drawing a blank with the slightest physical causes, sent him away more than four stones underweight without attempting to explore possible psychological causes. Six months later, my husband, having heard of anorexia, and recognising the state at home as intolerable, volunteered the suggestion that this might well be the answer. He was greeted with near disbelief, and the remark that he seemed "rather ready to talk about himself." He persisted, however, to be told by his eventual specialist that he was unlikely to live longer than two months without treatment.

During my husband's stay in hospital, his family only grudgingly admitted that his illness might have psychological roots. I was told that the most glaring lack in his life was his mother, and I should strive to take her place.

It was indeed from his mother, as my husband's later psychiatric sessions revealed, that he had learned to place undue emphasis

on toughness and self-control. He had, moreover, a completely inadequate relationship with his father: unable to win his father's approval, he lost all faith in the power of his own personality, and came to feel that he could establish an identity only by his incredible feats of endurance.

The hospital treatment of anorexia is grim. The psychological roots of the illness are temporarily shelved, and the patient becomes a repository for vast quantities of hospital food. The efficiency of the hospital method relies on the lack of escape routes offered—for the anorexic is as ready to lie and cheat in defence of his obsession as the alcoholic or drug addict. The hospital, then, left its own marks in terms of reduced morale that needed to be erased. My own morale, too, received a further battering.

So, when my husband was released from hospital, rather than being able to embark immediately on the new life that we had envisaged, we found ourselves confronted by a new set of problems. Because the hospital treatment had effected such a complete physical transformation, we both assumed that his mental state was correspondingly altered. In fact, in difficulty, he will retreat into himself and his protective routine.

For my part, I feel the weight of responsibility for my husband's health, and resent his wilful attempts to jeopardise it. I assumed that, once a patient knows why he does something, a necessary safety-valve, have had a curious effect on me. I feel that our lives have been dissected for an outsider's exploring eyes, and that I have been reduced to an item in a casebook. The psychiatrist urges me to see my husband's behaviour in terms of symptoms, not as attacks on me. However, it isn't easy to impose a clinical principle, no matter how valid, on a highly charged domestic situation, and frustration sometimes tempts me to fight with dirty weapons, because the discovery of the anorexia vindicated my feeling that something was wrong. I tend to feel that I have the right to pontificate about my husband's character.

What, then, have we gained? We've regained our sense of humour, and come to realise the degree of our mutual dependence. But perhaps most important, we're beginning to be able to see personal situations without the aid of traditional stereotypes. We've lived to disprove the validity of the women's magazine advice that trust is the essential ingredient of a successful marriage. You can cease to trust your husband, and yet know that what draws you to him springs from the same root as what you distrust. Recrimination ceases to operate at that level.

LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

The New Beaujolais Race

FOR the benefit of readers who were unable to get their Sunday Times last week, we are extending the closing date of the competition we announced: the Great New Beaujolais Race.

Entries can now be received until the last post on Wednesday. And another thing: since nearly all entrants so far have been able to answer the questions originally set, we are dispensing with them and will judge entries on the limerick we asked for, based on that tricky first line:

There was a young man from Beaujolais...

Next Sunday we will announce the names of the 100 best entrants, all of whom will be invited to one of three wine-tastings

to be held in London on November 4, 5 and 6. The winner will then be chosen.

Hatch, Mansfield, the City wine merchants, are sponsoring the competition, and will fly the winner out to Beaujolais on the eve of the declaration of the Beaujolais Nouveau (this year the date is November 14). As midnight strikes he (or indeed she) will be the first representative of the British Isles to taste the Beaujolais of 1971. The winner will also receive a quarter hoghead of the new wine (75 bottles).

Send your limerick to the Great New Beaujolais Race, Sunday Times, 12 Coley Street, London, WC9 9YT to arrive not later than the last post on Wednesday.

MORE and more help for stammerers. After our report on Mr Robin Harrison and his stammerers' club last week, Mr Ronald Morden, Tutor in Stammering Correction, writes to point out that the Inner London Education Authority also provides evening classes for stammerers in centres at Drury Lane, Fleet Street, Hammersmith and Woolwich. Further information from "Floodlight," the GLC evening classes guide, price 5p.

ORGANISATIONS for and against matters of public concern proliferate at such a rate that it is difficult to keep up. With more and more people wanting to know exactly how they can be involved in safeguarding the countryside, minimising pollution, helping handicapped children, watching public morals, there has been a growing need for a guide to all such organisations, and a very good guide is published tomorrow.

Do Something by Betty Jerman, published by the Garnstone Press

at £1.75, lists every kind of help group from the Women's Liberation Workshop to the Anonymous and the Civil Trust. It is an excellent guide to people looking for a cause to serve or those already in organisations, and each organisation is given a brief history, an explanation of its aims, together with addresses and telephone numbers.

THE new ballroom of the London Hilton is not officially open and there are no walls are ten great fabric collages, each 17ft by 10ft 6 inches, all the work of a pretty Wimbledon housewife, Doris Schrecker. Although she'd been trained as a painter and had started to paint her own collages, she never before attempted anything on this scale. The collages took over not only her life but her whole house for the seven months that it took to produce them.

"I looked everywhere for a studio in Wimbledon but there was nothing suitable so my father, who is an engineer, devised great screens on which could work the collages. I hardly saw the children (she has two sons 11 and 9) and if it hadn't been for my parents, who live in a separate flat in our house and who took over the whole day-to-day running of the children at the house, I couldn't have done it. Fortunately my husband, who is the cellist with the Alpey String Quartet, was away a lot of the time, because we took over the music room as well."

"My neighbours were wonderful. When I couldn't get trainees, workers they all came to my rescue and produced marvellous work. They knotted wool, sewed on beads and stuck on all sorts of bits and pieces."

Doris Schrecker isn't quite sure herself how she came to be chosen for this plum commission. Word had got around that a contract for something like £10,000 was in the offing and eminent artists were applying by the score. But, say the Hilton, even at that early stage Doris Schrecker proved to have something special.

"What is she working on now?"

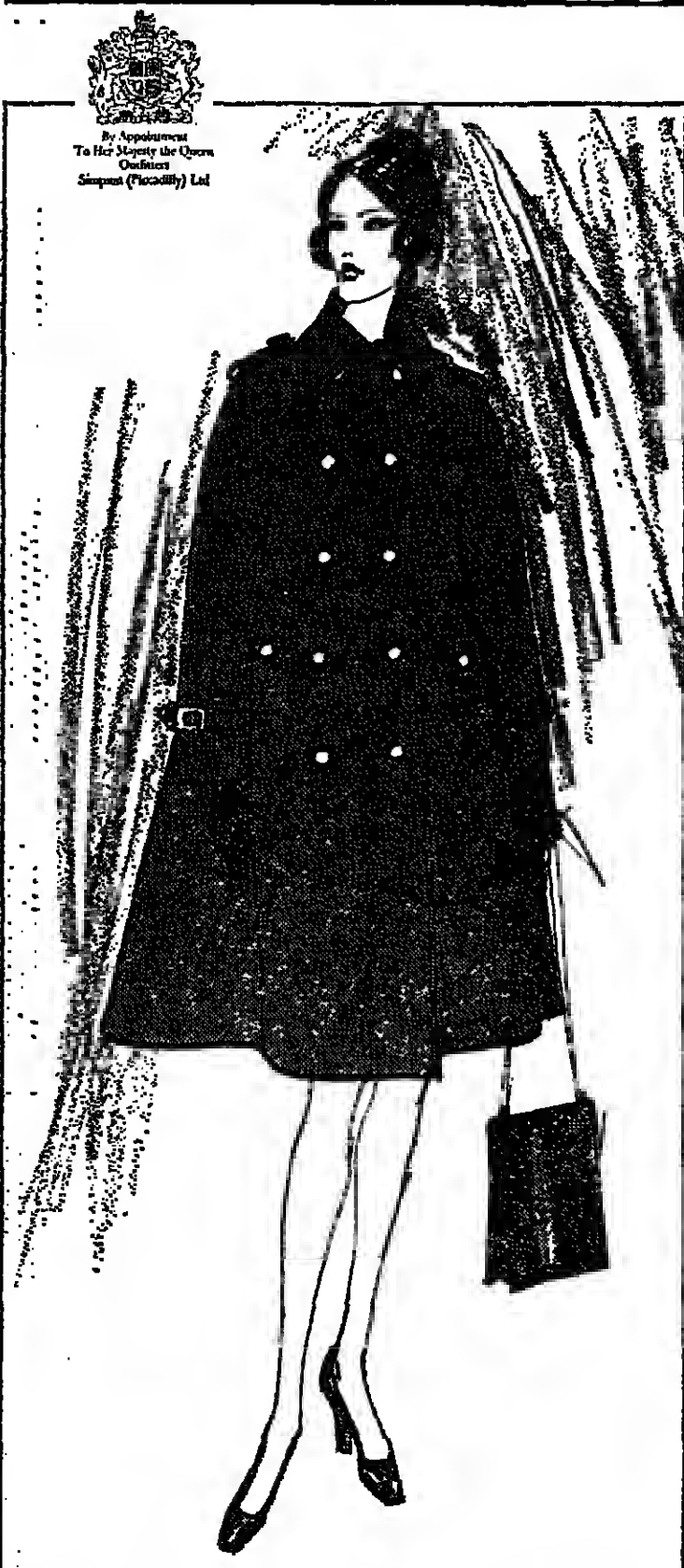
"Clearing up the house," she said.

ONCE again we have to apologise for holding over a number of promised articles, among them, Caroline Conran on deep-freezing, Molly Parkin on HIs Clothes and Hers. They will appear in due course.

The toast of the town is too well-bred To loaf around.

On a pedestrian croissant.

Graeme Brinsley Carter

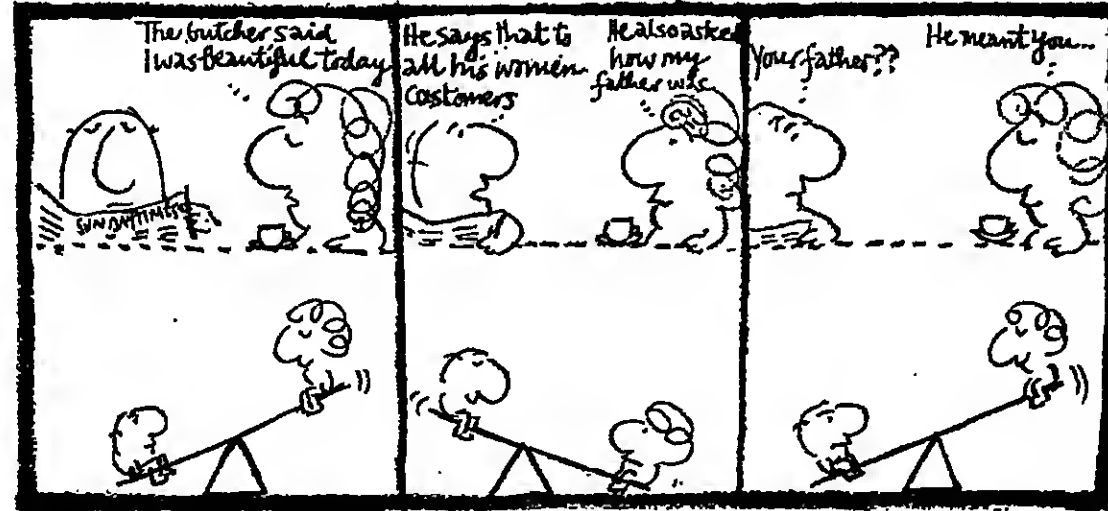


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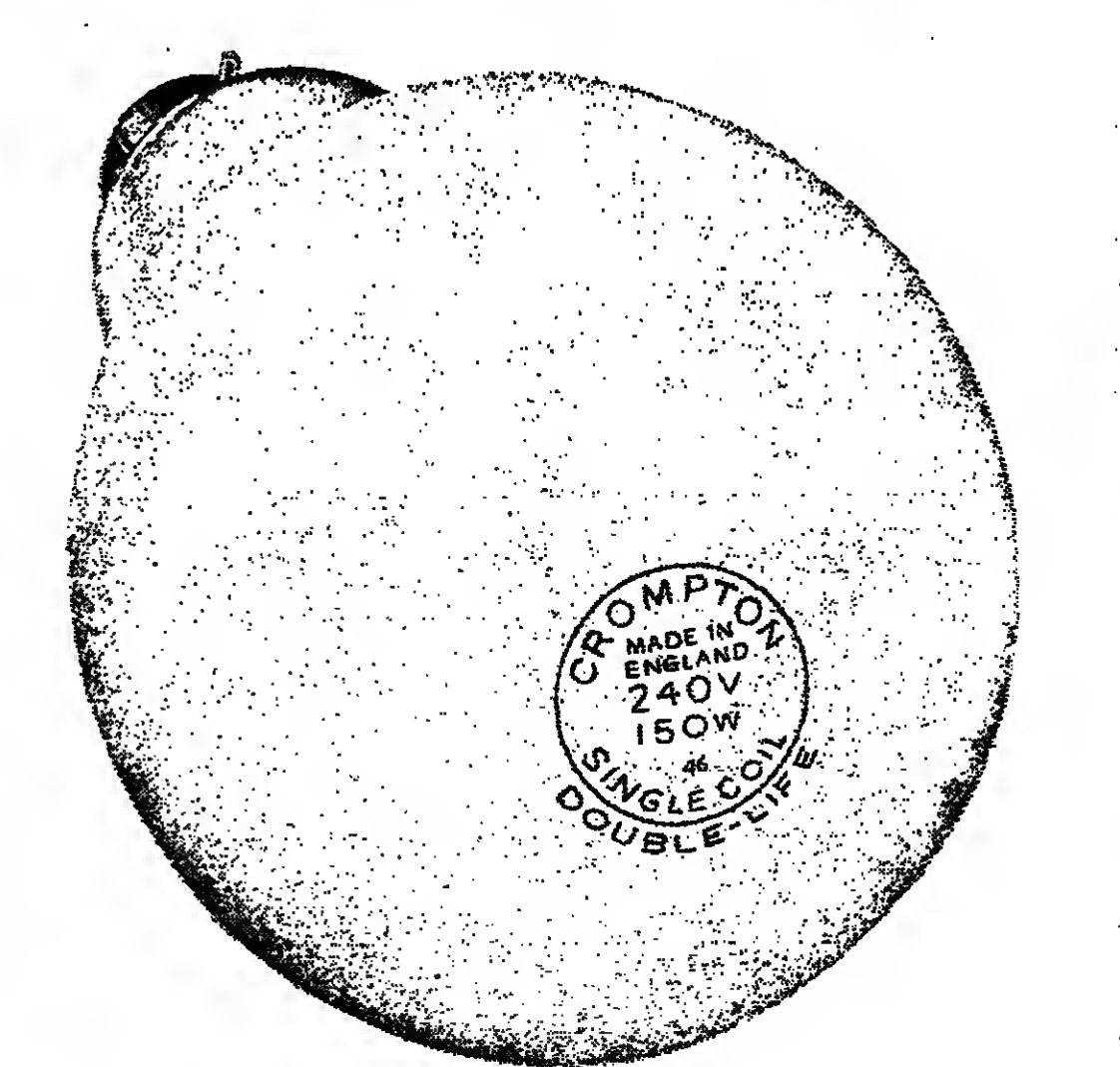
For beautiful fashions to make, see the November issue of Pins and Needles. The cover of this bumper 96 page issue shows a dashing hat and scarf set to crochet. Or look super in our knitted Aran-style trouser suit. There are 10 toys to knit or sew too, plus how to make a roller blind and curtains.

There's lots more to make, knit and sew, plus a larger lady coat to crochet, and this month's Pin Point Pattern of trousers, tunic and waistcoat pattern for only 18p.

See all the super knitting, crochet and dressmaking designs that are being shown at the Pins and Needles Fashion Nights in Fashion Times. This special magazine includes a free booklet giving instructions for all the 32 knitted and crochet garments in the show.

For the practical woman
Fashion Times—Pins and Needles only 12½p each

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Pressing for the thin girls—Molly Parkin does a Before and After on Miss 32-21-33

LOOK!



AFTER—Molly Parkin got Priscilla's hair done by Roger of Vidal Sassoon. Make-up from Biba. Above: Missoni trouser suit in orange or blue, £75. Sizes 10-14. Shirt and vest top included in the price. From Brown's, South Molton Street, W.1, and The Shop, 44 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Felt hat in many colours, £3, by Lee Bender from all branches of Bus Stop.

James Wedge and Pat Booth from Countdown, 137 King's Road, S.W.3. Jacket, £19.50. Long skirt, £19, cloak, £25. Also available, shorts skirt, £7.50. Vest top, £5. Shorts, £5.50. In sizes 8-12. Mail order 50p, p. & p. Shoes, thick soled and very high-heeled in metal kid with gold or silver lips appliqued, £17, from Deliss, 41 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, where shoes and boots are made to customers' requirements in as little as five days.

John Timbers



SOME time ago Look! attended to the dressing problems of over-weight girls. Still get letters from thin girls saying: "What about us?" So this is about the thin Priscilla Beecham who lives in Leeds. She's a BA and talks like Twiggy. For a time she worked in London, a cockney civil servant at the British Council. Now she teaches in adult education. She's 24, five-foot-six, seven-stone-two, 32-21-33, and takes five minutes to put her face on. She's fragile, anorectic, and makes everyone else look like an elephant.

I've always been thin, ever since I was nine. I'm sort of a nervous person I suppose. I smoke about 30 fags a day. I was only 17, unhappy and stuffy all day long. But my weight didn't go up at all, my hips got a bit bigger, that's all. I eat fish and chips and bread and eggs and bacon. And I drink beer. Lots of that, and whisky.

I love sweets and cakes; now and again I get a spot on my chin but nothing more than that. Oh yes, and I've got a few holes in my teeth. I've given up trying to get fatter. I used to be most self-conscious and embarrassed by my legs. The knock-knees and the gap between the thighs. I'd like to have that filled in. Some people say it's sexist but I don't believe they're right. I like my breasts to be bigger, but not so big that they'd get in the way. I wear half bras with padding underneath to push up what little I've got.

I go in for glamorous knickers, black with red lace or purple satin ones and see-through stuff. It's no good having little-girl undies when you've got a little-girl body like mine. I wear stockings. Black with a seam, and the sexiest suspenders I can find. I don't go in for tights, my legs are so long the crotch ends up around my knees. Anyway they don't make you feel so desirable somehow.

I'd like to wear sophisticated stuff. I'm due for a change from the little-girl look, but it's so hard to know how to start. I'm knocked out by the things you've put me into here. For the sheer feel of it I like the long velvet leopard thing best. The material, the texture of it is so incredibly sensual. But I distrust the narcissism of it. The wanting to stroke myself.

If I were buying I'd like the shirt-and-trouser outfit, and the hat. It's the comfiest and in any case if I had that on I could get in the pub and the fish-and-chip queue and not feel out of place.

I do a lot of experimental theatre. The group I perform with now is The John Bull Punch and Repair Kit. There are lots of students with us. I've been doing it for about two years, that's probably why I don't mind being so skinny any more. I mean we're all a funny-looking lot. Two little fat men, another who's bald, a six-foot girl and me. To tell the truth it's an advantage to look odd.

Despite a nymphotic denial, the modern myth is said to find little satisfaction in sex and dried affairs. Possibly because her maenadditions and ultimate happiness are too sylph-centaured?

James Edward Holroyd

Harrods are putting temptation in the way of every woman

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Germaine Greer: me and the Market

ALL through the summer, like Alice on her way to Wonderland, we have been falling into the European Economic Community, not knowing whether we would settle gently into swansdown or break every bone in the body of the state. At least I didn't know. I was terrifically impressed that Hayley Mills and Jilly Cooper and Miss Quax and Lawrence Harvey did know, and said that it would be all right, but I couldn't see where they got their information from. Perhaps they are intimate with the Great, who explained to them all that was left out of the White Paper.

All that I could discern with any certainty was that, whichever governing party we had, wanted us in, whether the electorate liked it or not, and whether or not "Europe" (as West Germany, France, Italy and Benelux were, engagingly dubbed) wanted us or not. Whoever was in control of the country seemed to be committed to getting it into the EEC, even if we had to lash it with a three-line whip, but why, in response to what pressure, was not so easy to determine.

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And yet we were told that belonging to Greater Europe was our only safeguard against the hegemony of the Great Powers, and bless me if the Chairmen of Unilever and Chrysler UK didn't agree heartily.

Mr Heath let off ringing phrase after ringing phrase, we would "maintain pace, increase prosperity" (but he didn't say whose), "sustain an active and honoured place in the world."

He said it would cost us all one half of a new penny in the pound, "a small price for Britain's future" (which apparently will not follow unless we buy it) but other honourable men said it would cost more than the German reparations.

People living in West Germany wrote about how once it was to live in an economy that worked, while the United States writhed at the ultimate cost of redefining the Deutschmark. The poor in Italy didn't manage to write to the English papers on account of illiteracy not having been fully overcome where they live.

Every signpost pointed both ways, but we were only going one way, in, unless of course we were thrown out. What good did it do, my breaking my head to know if I were for or against? Not only did the Fors present completely different "facts" from those cited by the Agaisins, but they openly announced that facts were irrelevant. It was "faith rather than figures" that would carry us off and in.

Just now I live in what Lord George-Brown calls the new and exciting Europe. The newest (and not very exciting) bit of it is the plastic shoe factory that bloomed overnight in our valley in Tuscany.

It works day and night but it seems to employ very few people. On the hill-terraces all round the peasants still harvest mixed grain by hand and sweep it with the baker for a year's supply of bread.

We still racket around on unmade roads, but a great black superstrada is creeping across the Val d'Arena, the newest (and not very exciting) bit of it is the plastic shoe factory that bloomed overnight in our valley in Tuscany.

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WOMAN'S ROLE
Two people and a stewardess were killed in an explosion aboard the 10,000-ton Norwegian cargo ship Arctura—Sunday Times report (a stip, alas, noted by innumerable readers).
The fact is that Margaret Burage, woman though she may be, is one of the world's top astronomers—Today radio programme (Mrs B. Stockford, Banbury Road, Oxford).
It is regretted that married ladies (unless separated) cannot be interviewed unless the husband is in attendance—Letter from Newcomers International magazine (Mrs J. Middleton, Sunningdale Crescent, Cullinstown, Bradford).
Note: If you are a married woman living with your husband he should complete the form as if it were addressed to him—Inland Revenue Form (Mrs S. C. Michael, Woolton Street, Liverpool).

When I was a little shaver, I called myself Erasmus and wanted to be a citizen of the world. Perhaps it is because the United States of Europe is less polyglot than before that I find it hard to like. After all, it is a rationalisation process, just like the sorting out that means that nowadays you can buy only eight varieties of plastic buttons in most towns.

It was Mr Davies, the dear, indiscreet Secretary for Trade and Industry, who finally cemented my opposition to the Common Market. Before he made all clear I had no more than a suspicion that mounting unemployment, relaxation of taxation upon employers, entrepreneurs and the higher earning bracket, the White Paper on Industrial Relations, the Public Relations clean-up campaign of which the Oz trial was the most flamboyant part, were all part of a demonstration by the Tories that they are quite able to be as illiberal as any European administration.

And I suspected that the suspicion itself was perhaps paranoid. Surely I was crediting the Government and the egregious Ted with too much foresight?

But Mr Davies reassured me. Explaining the closing of the Upper Clyde Shipyards he said firmly: "We will not move into unviable concerns and keep them afloat at any cost... The Government intends to try to get entry into the Common Market. Our success in the Common Market depends on our ability to compete with the countries of the Market."

At last I know how the Tories calculate costs. Keeping afloat the Upper Clyde Shipyards would have cost me money. Sinking them cost nothing but human misery, frustration and fruitless struggle, and the life of a depressed region.

Well, of course, the Market means that work in England can go and work for the Germans and send money home to their families, like the Sicilians and Calabreses do.

Meanwhile the Italians chose Olivia de Havilland as Ted's frugal English style housewife, because she wore that 1967 Dior number without embarrassment, and if you want to know that Princess Margaret is pregnant/suing for divorce/going blind, the French gutter Press is the most au fait.

Most of us (every married man knows someone who does not) like to look at the fuel gauge—Sunday Express motoring column. (Mrs J. Kenny, East Pennard, Shepton Mallet, Somerset).

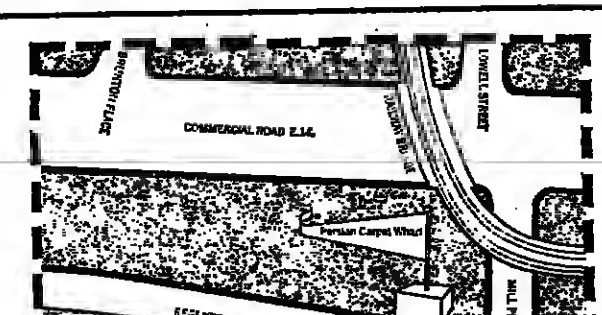
As I say, I don't know a thing about daughters. I dare say they are very decorative and it must be nice having them around to help with the housework and gossip to their mothers, but surely this is a boy's world—Columist in Somerset County Gazette. (Mrs W. A. Goodall, Book Lane, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire).

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That's why we've given you a map of our East End showrooms. The carpets are low out here, so we can keep the prices right down. Check for yourself, every carpet has its price marked on. We're open Sundays only.

NELSON TOUCH

The new Sunday Times full-colour watchcard, Nelson and HMS Victory at Trafalgar, has already been chosen to go on sale at HMS Victory in Portsmouth and at the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. To obtain your copy send a cheque for £1 (including postage and packing) drawn and made payable to Times Newspapers Ltd to Wallcharts, The Sunday Times, 12 Colney Street, London WC9 9YT.



We simply have no English equivalent. Call it an astringent—and the French will shudder. Call it a freshener—they'll probably laugh. Yet it's far, far more than a simple skin freshener. It's a soothing non-astringent lotion that gently refines the pores, calming broken veins, reducing high colour, leaving the skin refreshed and cool as its never felt before. Tonique by Lancôme. Perhaps it's one of the reasons why French women stay so sympathique.

FACE A BETTER TOMORROW.

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